And now my prayer (for it still is a prayer): O my Lord, let this too narrow ethic burst and let me live, oh, fully; and give me the strength to do so, oh, without fear, and without always thinking that I am about to sin!

It now takes as great an effort to let myself go as it used to lake to resist.

That ethic of privation had so thoroughly established itself as my natural rule of conduct that the other is now very painful and difficult for me. I have to urge myself to pleasure. It is painful for me to be happy.

**. . . Sometimes he contemplated his virgin body, smooth, however, and ready for love; then he longed for a woman's caresses before all the bloom of his flesh should fade. lie longed to be younger and of a much greater beauty, thinking that between two creatures love has the splendor of their bodies." *(Tentative amourcuse.[1])*

They awaited the evening, seated in the grass doing nothing; then, when finally the light had become softer, they continued their way slowly. . . .

. . . blossomed forth like islands, corollas, stcmlcss flowers, rocking on the waters.

An easy ethic? . . . Indeed not! it had not been an easy rule that had until now guided, sustained, and finally depraved me. But I know that when I begin to enjoy those things which I had forbidden myself as too beautiful, it will not be as a sinner, secretly, with a bitter foretaste of repentance; no, rather without remorse, with vigor and joyously.

Free oneself finally from dream and live a vigorous and fulsome life.

Oh, how I have breathed in the cold air of the night! Oh, windows! and, because of the haze, so like springs of water did the pale rays flow from the moon that one seemed to be drinking. Oh, windows! how often my forehead has cooled itself at your panes, and how often, when I have run from my too burning bed toward the balcony, my desires have evaporated like fogs upon seeing the vast calm sky.

Fevers of bygone days, you wasted my flesh mortally; but how the soul exhausts itself when nothing distracts it from Godl

The Attempt at Love, by Andr<§ Gide (1893).